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## OLD MAIDS.

I love old maids and allers did,  
And hate the folks as snarl about 'em,  
And know this strange old sith o' ourn  
Could never get along without 'em  
I've loved 'em ever since I knowed  
That they was wimmin as others,  
Who marry only for a home,  
And bear the name o' wives and mothers.  
But, marry know! they're just as good,  
And they deserve as much o' honor  
As she who breaks her neck ter get  
The yoke o' marriage put upon her.  
But some folks couldn't live nor die,  
If 'twasn't for pickin' and for quar'lin',  
And so old maids are made ter take  
A certain share of all their snarlins'.  
And bachelors—poor fellows, too!  
They ketch it sharp as Greenland winters,  
From folks whose souls and tempers are  
Made mostly up o' thorns and splinters.  
But I would jist be pleased to know  
If they ain't free ter do their choosin';  
Ter marry, or ter marry not  
Jist as they think it gain or loosin'.  
If they have loved and they have lost,  
And there are graves beneath the daisies,  
Their grief deserves our sympathy,  
Their contrary deserves our praise.

## THE BLACK TULIP.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.  
Author of the "Count of Monte Cristo,"  
"The Three Musketeers," "Twenty  
Years After," "The Vicomte de Bragelonne,"  
"The Son of Athos," "The Iron  
Mask," "The Iron  
Mask," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE HATRED OF A TULIP-FANCIER.

From that moment Boxtel's interest in tulips was no longer a stimulus to his exertions, but a deadening anxiety. Henceforth all his thoughts ran only upon the injury which his neighbor would cause him, and thus his favorite occupation was changed into a constant source of misery to him.

Van Baerle, as may be easily imagined, had no sooner begun to apply his natural ingenuity to his new fancy, than he succeeded in growing the finest tulips. Indeed he knew better than any one else at Haarlem or Leyden—the two towns which boast the best soil and the most congenial climate—how to vary the colors, to modify the shape, and to produce new species.

Myneer Van Baerle and his tulips, therefore, were in the month of everybody; so much so, that Boxtel's name disappeared for ever from the list of the notable tulip-growers in Holland, and those of Dort are now represented by Cornelius and Van Baerle, the modest and inoffensive avant.

Engaging heart and soul, in his pursuits of sowing, planting and gathering, Van Baerle, caressed by the whole fraternity of tulip-growers of Europe, entertained not the least suspicion that there was at his very door a pretender whose throne he had usurped.

He went on his career, and consequently in his triumphs; and, in the course of two years, he covered his borders with such marvellous productions, as no mortal man, following in the tracks of the Creator, except, perhaps, Shakespeare and Rubens, have equalled in point of numbers.

And also, if Dante had wished for a new type to be added to his characters of the Inferno, he might have chosen Boxtel during the period of Van Baerle's successes. Whilst Cornelius was weeding, manuring, watering his beds; whilst, kneeling on the turf-border, he analysed every vein of the flowering tulips, and meditated on the modifications which might be effected by crosses of color or otherwise,—Boxtel, concealed behind a small eyemore which he had trained at the top of the partition-wall in the shape of a fan, watched, with his eyes starting from their sockets, and with foaming mouth, every step and every gesture of his neighbor; and, whenever he thought he saw him look happy, or described a smile on his lips, or a flash of contentment glistening in his eyes, he poured out towards him such a volley of malediction and furious threats, as to make it in deed a matter of wonder, that this venomous breath of envy and hatred did not carry a blight on the innocent flowers which had excited it.

When the evil spirit has once taken hold of the heart of a man, it urges him on without letting him stop. Thus Boxtel was soon no longer content with seeing Van Baerle. He wanted to see his flowers too; he had the feelings of an artist; the master-piece of a rival engrossed his interest.

He therefore bought a telescope, which enabled him to watch, as accurately as did the owner himself, every progressive development of the flower, from the moment when, in the first year, its pale and seed leaf begins to peep from the ground, to that glorious one when, after five years, its petals at last reveal the hidden treasures of its chalice. How often had the miserable jealous man to observe, in Van Baerle's beds, tulips which dazzled him by their beauty and almost choked him by their perfection.

And then, after the first blush of the admiration which he could not help feeling, he began to be tortured by the pangs of envy, by that slow fever which creeps

over the heart and changes it into a nest of vipers, each devouring the other and ever born anew. How often did Boxtel, in the midst of tortures which no pen is able fully to describe—how often did he feel an inclination to jump down into the garden, during the night, to destroy the plants, to tear the bulbs with his teeth, and to sacrifice to his wrath the owner himself, if he should venture to stand up for the defence of his tulips.

But to kill a tulip was a horrible crime in the eyes of a genuine tulip-fancier; as to killing a man, it would not have mattered so very much.

Yet Van Baerle made such progress in the noble science of growing tulips, which he seemed to master with the true instinct of genius, that Boxtel was at last maddened to such a degree as to think of throwing sticks and stones into the flower stands of his neighbor. But remembering that he would be sure to be found out, and that he would not only be punished by law, but also dishonored for ever in the face of all the tulip-growers of Europe, he had recourse to stratagem; and, to gratify his hatred, tried to devise a plan by means of which he might gain his ends without being compromised himself.

He considered a long time, and at last his meditations were crowned with success.

One evening he tied two cats together by their hind-legs with a string about six feet in length, and threw them from the wall into the midst of that noble, that princely, that royal bed, which contained not only the "Cornelius De Witte," but besides, the "Beauty of Brabant," milk-white, edged with purple and pink; the "Marble of Rotterdam," color of flax; blossoms, feathered red and flesh-color; and the "Wonder of Haarlem," dark dove-color, tinged with a lighter shade of the same.

The frightened cats, having alighted on the ground, first tried to fly each in a different direction, until the string by which they were tied together was tightly stretched across the bed; then, however, feeling that they were not able to get off, they began to pull to and fro, and, to wheel about with heart-rending caterwaulings, moving down with their string the flowers among which they were depositing themselves, until, after a furious strife of about a quarter of an hour, the string broke and the combatants vanished.

Boxtel, hidden behind his eyemore, could not see anything, as it was pitch dark; but the piercing cries of the cats told the whole tale, and his heart, overflowing with gall, was now throbbing with triumphant joy.

Boxtel was so eager to ascertain the extent of the injury, that he remained on his post until morning to feast his eyes at the state in which the two cats had placed the flower-beds of his neighbor. The mists of the morning chilled his frame, but he did not feel the cold, the hope of revenge keeping his blood at fever heat. The chagrin of his rival was to pay for all the inconvenience which he incurred himself.

At the earliest dawn the door of the white house opened, and Van Baerle made his appearance; approaching the flower-beds with a smile of a man who had passed the night comfortably in his bed, and had had happy dreams.

All at once he perceived furrows and little mounds of earth on the beds which only the evening before had been as smooth as a mirror; all at once he perceived the symmetrical rows of his tulips to be completely disordered, like the pikes of a battalion in the midst of which a shell has fallen.

He ran up to them with blanched cheeks.

Boxtel trembled with joy. Fifteen or twenty tulips, torn and crushed, were lying about, some of them bent, others completely broken and already withering; the sap oozing from their bleeding bulbs; how gladly would Van Baerle redeem that precious sap with his own blood!

But what was his surprise and his delight! what was the disappointment of his rival! Not one of the four tulips which the latter had meant to destroy was injured at all. They raised proudly their noble heads above the corpses of their slain companions. This was enough to console Van Baerle, and enough to fan the rage of the horticultural murderer, who tore his hair at the sight of the effect of the crime which had been committed in vain.

Van Baerle could not imagine the cause of the mishap, which, fortunately, was of far less consequence than it might have been. On making inquiries, he learned that the whole night had been disturbed by terrible caterwaulings. He, besides, found traces of the cats, their footmarks and hairs left behind on the battle-field; to guard, therefore, in future against a similar outrage, he gave orders that henceforth one of the under-gardeners should sleep in the garden in a sentry box near the flower beds.

Boxtel heard him give the order, and saw the sentry-box put up that very day; but he deemed himself lucky in not having been suspected, and, being more than ever incensed against the successful horticulturist, he resolved to abide his time.

Just then the Tulip Society of Haarlem offered a prize for the production of

the large black tulip without a spot of color, a thing which had not yet been accomplished, and was considered impossible, as at that time, there did not exist a flower of that species approaching even the dark nut-brown. It was, therefore, generally said that the founders of the prize might just as well have offered two millions as a hundred thousand guilders, since no one would be able to gain it.

The tulip growing world, however, was thrown by it into a state of most active commotion. Some fanciers caught at the idea without believing it practicable; but such is the power of imagination among florists, that, although considering the undertaking as certain to fail, all their thoughts were engrossed by that grand black tulip, which was looked upon as chimerical as the black swan or the white raven were reputed to be in those days.

Van Baerle was one of the tulip growers who were struck with the idea; Boxtel thought of it in a light of a speculation. Van Baerle, as soon as the idea had once taken root in his clear and ingenious mind, began slowly the necessary sowing, and operations to reduce the tulips, which he had grown already, from red to brown, and from brown to dark brown.

By the next year he had obtained flowers of a perfect nut-brown, and Boxtel espied them in the border, whereas he had himself, as yet, only succeeded in producing the light brown.

Boxtel once more worsted by the superiority of his hated rival, was now completely disgusted with tulip-growing, and, being driven half mad, devoted himself entirely to observations.

The house of his rival was quite open to view: a garden exposed to the sun; cabinets with glass walls, shelves, cupboards, boxes and ticketed pigeon-holes, which could easily be surveyed by the telescope. Boxtel allowed his bulbs to rot in the pits, his seedlings to dry up in their cases, and his tulips to wither in the borders, and henceforward occupied himself with nothing else but the doings at Van Baerle's.

But the most curious part of the operations was not performed in the garden. It might be one o'clock in the morning, when Van Baerle went up to his laboratory, into the glazed cabinet whither Boxtel's telescope had such an easy access; and here as soon as the lamp illuminated the walls and windows, Boxtel saw the inventive genius of his rival at work.

He beheld him sifting his seeds, and soaking them in liquids which were destined to modify or deepen their colors. He knew what Cornelius meant, when, heating certain grains, then moistening them, then combining them with others by a sort of grafting—a minute or marvellously-delicate manipulation—he shut up in darkness those which were expected to furnish the black color; expose to the sun or to the lamp those which were to produce red; and placed between the endless reflections of two water-mirrors those intended for white, the pure representation of the limpid element.

This innocent magic, the fruit at the same time of childlike musings and of manly genius—this patient, untiring labor, of which Boxtel knew himself to be incapable—made him, gnawed as he was with envy, centre all his life, all his thoughts, and all his hopes, in his telescope.

For, strange to say, the love and interest for horticulture, had not deadened in Isaac his fierce envy and thirst of revenge. Sometimes, whilst covering Van Baerle with his telescope, he deluded himself into a belief that he was leveling a never-failing musket at him; and then he would seek with his finger for the trigger to fire the shot with which to have killed his neighbor. But it is time that we should connect with this epoch of the operations of the one, and the espionage of the other, the visit which Cornelius De Witte came to pay to his native town.

[Continued next week.]

#### The Man with the Extreminator.

The Detroit Free Press, has this good one: He smiled broadly as he halted for a moment in front of the City Hall. He looked like a man who could palm off almost anything on the public at 100 per cent. profit and yet leave each customer in a grateful mood. He had a tin trunk in his hand, and as he sailed down Lafayette avenue the boys wondered whether the trunk contained tax receipts or horse liniment. The stranger halted in front of a residence, his smile deepened, and he mounted the steps and pulled the bell.

"Is the lady at home?" he inquired of the girl who answered the bell.

The girl thought he was the census-taker, and she seated him in the parlor and called the lady of the house. When the lady entered the stranger rose bowed and said:

"Madam I have just arrived in this town after a tour extending clear down to Florida, and wherever I went I was received with glad welcome."

"Did you wish to see my husband?" she asked as he opened the tin trunk.

"No, madam: I deal directly with the lady of the house in all cases. A woman will appreciate the virtues of my extreminator and purchase a bottle where a man would order me off the steps with-

out glancing at it."  
"Your—your what?" she asked.  
"Madam," he replied as he placed a four-ounce phial of dark liquid on the palm of his left hand, "madam, I desire to call your attention to my Sunset Bed-bug Extreminator. It has been tried at home and abroad, and in no case has it failed to—"

"What do you mean sir?" she demanded, getting very red in the face.

"Leave the house instantly,"

"Madam, I do not wish you to infer from my—"

"I want you to leave this house!" she shrieked.

"Madam allow me to explain my—"

"I will call the police!" she screamed making for the door, and he hastily locked his trunk and hurried out.

Gowing down the street about two blocks he saw the lady of the house at the parlor window, and instead of climbing the steps he stood under the window and politely said:

"Madam, I don't wish to even hint that any of the bed-steps in your house are inhabited by bed-bugs, but—"

"What! What's that?" she exclaimed.

"I said that I hadn't the remotest idea that any of the bed-steps in your house were infested by bed-bugs," he replied.

"Take yourself out of this yard!" she shouted, snatching a tidy off the back of a chair and brandishing it at him.

"Reg pardon, madam, but I should like to call your—"

"Get out!" she screamed; "get out, or I'll call the gardener!"

"I will get out, madam, but I wish you understand—"

"J-a-w-n-l J-a-w-n-l!" she shouted out of a side window, but the exterminator agent was out of the yard before John could get around the house.

He seemed discouraged as he walked down the street, but he had traveled less than a block when he saw a stout woman sitting on the front steps of a fine residence, fanning herself.

"Stout women are always good-natured," he soliloquized as he opened the gate.

"Haven't got anything for the grasshopper sufferers?" she called out as he entered.

There was an angelic smile on his face as he approached the steps set his trunk down and said:

"My mission, madam, is even nobler than acting agent for a distressed community. The grasshopper sufferers do not comprise a one-hundredth part of the world's population, while my mission is to relieve the whole world."

"I don't want any peppermint essence," she continued as he started to unlock the trunk.

"Great heavens, madam, do I resemble a peddler of cheap essences?" he exclaimed. "I am not one. I am here in Detroit to enhance the comforts of the night—to produce pleasant dreams. Let me call your attention to my Sunset Bed-bug Extreminator, a liquid warranted to—"

"Red what?" she screamed, ceasing to fan her fat cheeks.

"My Sunset Bed-bug Extreminator. It is to-day in use in the humble negro cabins on the banks of the Arkansas, as well as in the royal palace of her Majesty Q—"

"You rascal! villany!" she wheezed; "how dare you insult me in—"

"No insult, madam, it is a pure matter of fact—"

"Leave! Git o-w-t!" she screamed, clutching at his hair, and he had to go out in such a hurry that he couldn't lock the trunk until he reached the walk.

He traveled several blocks and turned several corners before he halted again, and his smile faded away to a melancholy grin. He saw two or three ragged children at a gate noticed that the house was old, and he braced up and entered.

"I vants no soap," said the woman of the house as he stood in the door.

"Soap, madam, soap? I have no soap. I noticed that you lived in an old house, and as old houses are pretty apt to be infested—"

"I vants no bins or needles to-day!" she shouted.

"Madam, I am not a peddler of Yankee notions," he replied. "I am selling a liquid, prepared only by myself which is warranted to—"

"I vants no baper gollers!" she exclaimed, motioning him to leave.

"Paper collar! I have often been mistaken for Shakespeare, madam, but never before for a paper collar peddler. Let me unlock my trunk and show—"

"I vants no matches—no do-bacco—no cigars!" she interrupted; and her husband came around the corner and, after eyeing the agent for a moment remarked:

"If you don't be quick out of here I shall haf no shokings about it!"

At dusk that night the agent was sitting on a salt barrel in front of a commission house, and the shadows of evening were slowly deepening the melancholy look on his face.

It takes only one letter to make Mary marry.

#### Have a Purpose in Life.

Young man, have you a purpose in life? What do you intend to be or do? The question strikes you, perhaps, with something of novelty. Yet it is the great one on which your future place in the world depends. If no life purpose is yet formed in your mind, it is full time that you sit down and spend a season in grave reflection. Without an earnest purpose, nothing worth accomplishing can be done in this world. Thought, will, energy, work—these are the elements of success—these are the materials out of which men construct their fortunes; and if you are dreaming of wealth, honor or position in the future, and have not these to build on and build with, advancing years will see the beautiful structure that now rises pleasantly in your fancy fading away like the "baseless fabric of a vision."

A young man inquired of Daniel Webster if there were room in the legal profession. "Yes," replied the statesman, "plenty of room in the upper stories." And so, in the several callings, trades and professions, there is plenty of room in the upper stories. But only few have the energy to climb up and occupy them. All honor to the few!

We hear daily the complaint, that all professions and all branches of industry are crowded. And so they are, with the aimless and mediocre. But there is plenty of room in all of them—in the upper stories—where scope enough for live men, with talent, earnestness and will. Unhappily the larger number of our young men are wasting their leisure hours in sensual indulgence or pleasure-seeking. We find them nightly at the theater, opera, or the ball, or in the company of idle men or frivolous women, content if they can reach the dignity of an operative criticism, or talk learnedly of the reading and acting of some favorite wearer of the sock and buskin. A poor and mean ambition this; no wonder the intellect is dwarfed that has in it no better aspiration.

A few years will pass, and then we may look for the great company of these aimless ones, but look in vain. Their mark will be seen somewhere upon society, their names be heard when the world's benefactors are spoken of. Are you content, young man, to be numbered with them? If not, gird up your loins, and in good earnest seek to acquire the utmost ability in your art, calling or profession. Let each day see you advancing in skill and knowledge; and as certain as the sun shines or the water runs, you will rise above the common mass. And just in the degree that your motives are honorable and unselfish, will you add happiness to success in life.

#### Waiting for a Cave.

(Vicksburg Herald.)  
Three or four days ago, within two or three miles of this city, a Washington street merchant, who had business in the country, came to a small creek beside which a native was washing his shirt. The man was sousing the garment up and down and around, and as he "soused" he whistled a merry tune.

"Do you have to wash your own shirt?" inquired the merchant, as he halted.

"Not allus, but old Bet has got one o' her flis' on jest now," was the ready reply.

"Then you don't agree very well?"

"Purty well on the general thing. Bet's kind o' mulish, and I'm kind o' mulish, and when we get our backs up we crawl off to see who'll cave first."

"I should think you would want some soap."

"I do."

"Why don't you get it, then?"

"That would be cav'ing to Bet, stranger. She's squatted on the only bit of bar soap 'twixt here and Vicksburg, and she's jest aching for me to slide up and ask her for it."

"And you won't?"

"Stranger," replied the native as he straightened up, "don't I look like a feller that would wear a shirt three months afore I'd cave in and holler for soap?"

The merchant sided with him, and as he drove on, the man soused the shirt up and down and whistled:

"I'm gwine up the river—  
Hear me holler."

Time.

It waits for no man; it travels onward with an even, uninterrupted, inexorable step, without accommodating itself to the delays of mortals. The restless hours pursue their course; moments press after moments; day trends upon day; year rolls after year. Does man loiter, procrastinate? Like the listless or insolent? Behold the days, and months, and years, unmindful of his delay, are never sluggish, but march forward in silent and solemn procession. Our labors and toils, our ideas and feelings, may be suspended by sleep; darkness, and silence, and death may reign around us, but Time is beyond the power of any human being, besides Omnipotence. The clock may cease to strike; the sun to shine; but the busy hours pass on. The months and years must continue to move forward.

When freedom from her mountain height unfurled her standard to the air, her skirts, pinned back so very tight, made her appear exceedingly spare.

#### Capital.

Some men accumulate by loaning money on bond and mortgage. They care not and will not invest a dollar in private or public enterprise. Bond and mortgage will give them a certain return for their money, notwithstanding the vicissitude of trade, the drought of summer, and the pinches of winter. The farmer, the mechanic, and all who have substantial property to pledge at about one half its worth most pay them tribute. They run no risk, and do nothing towards giving employment to labor, or aiding those who depend upon labor for subsistence. There are many towns, for their prosperity, who have quite too many who would wring their victims to penury for the use of their money. In a town not many miles from my own, are several business men who, apparently, never learned the secret of making money through the instrumentality of bonds and mortgages. Industry and good management gave them capital. That capital was invested in business, and that business gave employment to hundreds whose only support was labor. Not many years ago, an Irishman started, in the town of Kinderhook, a small iron foundry. He made money. As he accumulated, he extended business, and now he is engaged, not only in the foundry business, but has large investments in cotton manufacturing and mercantile pursuits. He is emphatically a useful man, for his means benefit all around him. Though he makes money, commands and has it on hand, he knows nothing about loaning it upon bond and mortgage. He uses it in business pursuits—builds factories, houses, and opens stores. One such man is worth a dozen of your money-lending sharks in any community. The farmer and the mechanic are not vassals to him for the use of his money, because he uses it himself. He runs the risk of high and low prices. The employment of his capital feeds a large number of men, women and children, and at the same time adds much to the prosperity and wealth of every place in which his investments are made.—Exchange.

#### Cheating an Innocent Old Man.

(Vicksburg Herald.)  
One day last month when trade was dull, a Vicksburg grocery clerk procured a piece of sole-leather, from a shoemaker, painted it black, and laid it back for further use. Within a few days an old chap from back in the country came in and enquired for a plug of chewing tobacco. The piece of sole leather was tied up, paid for, and the purchaser started for home. At the end of the sixth day he returned, looking downcast and dejected, and walking into the store he inquired of the clerk:

"Member that terbacker I got here the other day?"

"Yes."

"Well, was that a new brand?"

"No—same old brand."

"Regular plug terbacker, was it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, it's me; it's right here in my jaws," sadly replied the man, "I knowed I was gettin purty old, but I was allus handy on biten plug. I never seen a plug afore this that I couldn't tear to pieces at one chaw. I sot my teeth on to this one, and bit and pulled and twistel like a dog at a root, and I've kept biten and pullen for six days, and thar she am now, the same as the day you sold her to me."

"Seemed to be good plug," remarked the clerk as he smelled the counterfeiter.

"She's all right; it's me that's failin'!" exclaimed the old man. Put me out some fine-cut, and I'll go home and deed the farm to the boys, and git ready for the grave!"

The Great Want of the Age is Men.

Men who are not for sale, men who are honest, sound from centre to circumference, true to the heart's core, men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as others; men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole; men who will stand to the right, if the Heavens totter and the earth reels; men who can tell the truth and look the world and the devil right in the eye; men that never brag nor run; men who never flag nor flinch; men who can have courage without whistling for it, and joy without shouting to bring it; men in whom the current of everlasting life runs still, and deep, and strong; men too large for certain limits, and too strong for certain bands; men who will not seek to make their voices heard in the streets, but who will not fail or be discouraged till judgment be set in the earth; men who know their message, and tell it; men who know their duty and do it; men who know their places, and fill them; men who know their own business; men who will not lie; men who are not too lazy to work and too proud to be poor; men who are willing to eat only what they have paid for.

Best Things to Give.

The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness, to your opponent tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect to all men, charity.

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#### Sensible Young Ladies.

All girls who would be happy wives and beloved and respected mothers, be real, be earnest in everything; let your principles be true, tolerate no sham, and the superstructure you shall build thereon shall be animate with your spirit, when you have laid down this life and taken up a renewed existence in another world. In marriage who would not rather take to his heart a reasoning, thinking spirit, tolerating no self-influence but that of uprightness, having real faith, loving sympathy, and active usefulness, as the only weapons for the daily warfare of crosses, perplexities and endurance, rather than a flippant, idle, ignorant girl, who sooner than to help her mother to lighten her burden of care and anxiety, is just the make-weight to pull her to the earth, and to keep her there; for the mother silently thinks, "who will marry her?"

With Nothing to Do.

What an anomaly in creation is a human being with nothing to do. The most insignificant object in nature becomes to him or her a source of envy, the birds sing an ecstasy of joy; the tiny flower, hidden from all eyes, sends forth its fragrance of happiness; the mountain stream dashes along with a sparkle of pure delight. The object of their creation is accomplished, and their life gushes forth in harmonious work. Oh! plant! oh, stream here in man and woman are powers we never dreamed of—faculties divine, eternal; a head to think, but nothing to concentrate the thoughts; a hand to do, but no work done; talents unexercised, capacities undeveloped; a human life thrown away—wasted as water poured on a desert. Oh, birds and flowers! ye are gods in such mockery of life as this.

Woman's Proper Study.

Without doubt, the proper study of womankind is woman. Her attributes, her governing motives, and the whole internal machinery of her being can surely be better understood and more thoroughly sifted by those who "added to the same instinctive bias, possess the practical ability to give name and expression to the emotions which, in those less gifted of her sex, amount to little more than vague dreamings. Female writers should, of necessity, devote the best energies of their minds to the enlightenment, and entertainment of their own sex. There is the right to







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any cause, during the year, we will refund the  
money due on subscription, or furnish subscribers  
for the unexpired term with any paper of the  
same price they may select.

Advertisements of business men are solicited;  
except those of saloon keepers and dealers in  
intoxicating liquors, which we will not admit to our  
columns under any circumstances.  
All communications and contributions for publica-  
tion must be addressed to the Editor.  
Communications in regard to advertising and job  
work must be addressed to the Publishers.

## COUNTY DIRECTORY.

### CIRCUIT COURT.

Hon. James Stuart, Judge, of Owensboro.  
Hon. Jas. Hayscraft, Attorney, Elizabethtown.  
A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.  
E. R. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.  
T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.  
E. L. Wise, Jailor, Hartford.

Court begins on the second Mondays in May  
and November, and continues four weeks each  
term.

### COUNTY COURT.

Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.  
Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.  
J. F. Sanderfer, Attorney, Hartford.  
Court begins on the first Monday in every  
month.

### QUARTERLY COURT.

Begins on the 3rd Mondays in January, April,  
July and October.

### COURT OF CLAIMS.

Begins on the first Mondays in October and  
January.

### OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.  
G. Smith Fitzhugh, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.  
Thos. H. Boswell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.  
W. L. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

### MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

Caney District, No. 1.—P. H. Alfred, Justice,  
held March 5, June 17, September 4, December  
18. E. F. Tilford, Justice, held March 18, June  
4, September 18, December 4.  
Cool Springs District, No. 2.—A. N. Brown,  
Justice, held March 3, June 15, September 2,  
December 16. D. J. Wilson, Justice, held  
March 15, June 2, September 16, December 2.  
Centerville District, No. 3.—W. P. Rander,  
Justice, held March 31, June 14, September 30,  
December 15. T. S. Bennett, Justice, held  
March 16, June 28, September 14, December,  
30.

Bell's Store District, No. 4.—Benj. Newton,  
Justice, held March 11, June 23, September 11, De-  
cember 27. S. Woodward, Justice, held March 21,  
June 10, September 25, December 11.  
Forsville District, No. 5.—C. W. R. Cobb,  
Justice, held March 8, June 19, September 8, Decem-  
ber 22. J. L. Barton, Justice, held March 23, June  
7, September 22, December 8.

Ellis District, No. 6.—C. E. McElroy, March  
9, June 21, September 9, December 23. Jas.  
Miller, Justice, held March 22, June 5, September  
23, December 9.

Hartford District, No. 7.—Jas. P. Cooper,  
Justice, held March 13, June 25, September 14, De-  
cember 29. A. B. Bennett, Justice, held March 25,  
June 11, September 27, December 13.

Cromwell District, No. 8.—Samuel Austin,  
Justice, held March 27, June 16, September 27, De-  
cember 17. Melvin Taylor, Justice, held March 17,  
June 30, September 17, December 31.

Hartford District, No. 9.—Thomas L. Allen,  
Justice, held March 12, June 24, September 13, De-  
cember 28. Jas. M. Leach, Justice, held March 12,  
June 24, September 28, December 14.

Sulphur Spring District, No. 10.—R. G.  
Wedding, Justice, held March 19, June 5, September  
21, December 7. Jas. A. Bennett, Justice, held  
March 6, June 18, September 7, December 21.

Bartlett District, No. 11.—W. H. Cummins,  
Justice, held March 10, June 22, September 10, De-  
cember 24. J. S. Yates, Justice, held March 23,  
June 9, September 24, December 10.

### POLICE COURTS.

Hartford.—F. P. Morgan, Judge, second Mon-  
days in January, April, July and October.  
Beaver Dam.—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first  
Saturday in January, April, July and October.

Cromwell.—A. P. Montague, Judge, first  
Tuesday in January, April, July and October.  
Cerule.—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Sat-  
urday in March, June, September and December.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 29, 1875.

W. R. BONNER, Local Editor.

### Particular Notice.

All persons indebted to this office, will  
please call and pay up, as we are in urgent  
need of some money. We cannot run a  
newspaper without money, and hence we  
are under the necessity of collecting as  
fast as amounts fall due.

### Special Notice

We have erased from our subscrip-  
tion list the names of all subscribers  
whose time has expired. We hope  
they will all renew.

We will send THE HERALD from now  
until the 1st of January next to any  
address for 50 cents.

Address, enclosing the money, with  
name, post-office address, county and  
State, legibly written.  
Jno. P. BARRETT & Co., Publishers,  
Hartford, Ky.

Rev. Mr. Gardner preached at the  
courthouse Sunday.

Mr. William Graves killed a fine  
gobbler the other evening.

These are "starry nights to ramble"  
mit your gal.

Our friend Ellis sings a new comic  
song—for the benefit of ladies only.

Old John Robinson is advertised  
for Owensboro, Friday, October 1st.

If a pretty girl with a "pin-back"  
on won't catch a fellow what will?

Buggy driving is the Sunday even-  
ing resort of this place.

Corn is selling at \$1 per barrel in  
Christian county.

Mr. S. S. Wells, of Owensboro, and  
Deputy U. S. Collector, has been in  
town for several days.

What has become of our Spring  
Lick correspondent? Let us hear  
from you.

Messrs. W. T. Ellis and Ed. Col-  
gan, from the city of Owensboro, were  
in town last Wednesday.

The bridge in front of James Ford's  
is getting in a bad condition. We  
hope the trustees will attend to this  
matter.

Mr. Warren Griffin, of Elizabeth-  
town, Ky., has been in town for sev-  
eral days past.

Capt. Sam. K. Cox returned from  
the Louisville Exposition Saturday,  
and reports everything lively there.

Mrs. Hart died at the residence of  
her son, Alfred Hart, in this place,  
Friday night.

Mr. George Potts, of Louisville, has  
been spending several days among his  
old friends of this place.

We are glad to announce that Miss  
Mattie Berry, who has been quite ill  
for several days past, is recovering fast.

Mrs. Lucy Eidson and her son  
White, of Owensboro, have been vis-  
iting relatives here this week.

Mosquitoes are very bad in St.  
Louis. It takes a No. 7 hat to fit  
their bites.

On Thursday last the sale of quin-  
ine at Z. W. Griffin's drug store was  
ten ounces, prescribed principally for  
chills.

Misses Rebecca Dillman and Allie  
Anderson remembered us with a nice  
lot of apples Saturday evening. Please  
accept our thanks, ladies.

Mr. I. B. Nall, formerly of this  
place, is now business manager of the  
*Farmers' Home Journal*, published in  
Louisville.

They have done away with cheap  
traveling on the Louisville and Nash-  
ville and Louisville and Paducah rail-  
roads, and have resumed their former  
prices.

The Hartford choir did not visit  
Bachman last Thursday evening as  
they expected, owing to the sickness  
of Mr. Rice, one of the bass singers.

Mr. A. G. Rowe, one of Spring  
Lick's liveliest business men, was in  
town Thursday last, looking as hand-  
some as ever.

We had the pleasure of meeting  
Mr. B. F. Potter, of Sacramento,  
M-Lean county, Sunday. He reports  
good crops in that vicinity.

Miss Eva Griffin, of this city, in  
company with her aunt, Mrs. Joseph  
Miller, left last Monday, to visit  
friends and relatives in Louisville.

Call and leave your orders with W. C.  
Chapman, (agt.) for fruit trees from the  
Greenville Nursery. Fruit trees adapted  
to the soil and climate at reduced rates.  
Also grape vines from Knott & Chap-  
man's vineyard, the best variety in the  
State. n35-2m.

Mr. W. H. Moore, one of our most  
worthy citizens, who has been confined  
to his room for more than a week from  
the effects of a congestive chill, was  
upon the streets Sunday.

To our young friend Wm. Phipps,  
we return thanks for his kindness in  
assisting us on the outside of our paper.  
He's a jolly good fellow, and may his  
shadow never grow less.

Our "devil" says his girl is as pret-  
ty as an ivory-bound, silver-mounted,  
ring-streaked and striped, magnolia,  
lilly-white,—well, just anything to  
suit yourself.

This cold weather is bad on lovers.  
They can't sit on the bank of the river  
and imagine their blood is comming-  
ling within the same mosquito, cause  
there ain't no "sketers."

We learn from Sheriff Thomas J.  
Smith, that there never was as much  
sickness in the Barnett's Creek vicinity  
as there is at the present time. He  
says there is scarcely a family in that  
vicinity that is not sick in some way.

We are in receipt of a compliment-  
ary ticket to attend the Christian  
county fair, to be held at Hopkins-  
ville, commencing October 6th and  
lasting four days. If possible we will  
attend.

Meeting of the Ohio County Coun-  
cil.

The next regular meeting of the  
Ohio County Council, P. of H., will  
be held at the courthouse in Hartford,  
on Friday, October 1st, 1875.

R. P. HOCKER, Sec'y.

Messrs. Williams & Hardwick have  
the running-gear on the Ajax. They  
made a short trip down the river the  
other day to test her speed.

### Dissolution.

Dissolved, August 6th, 1875,—the  
law firm of Morgan & Wedding, Hart-  
ford Ky.

### Always buy the best.

They not only sell the cheapest but  
also the best ready-made, or made to  
order clothing of any house in Loui-  
ville, and those who buy of J. Winter  
& Co., never fail to obtain satisfaction.

Mr. E. C. Ellis brought to town the  
other day, a sweet potato, which grew  
on the farm of Mr. J. F. Collins, that  
measured three feet ten inches in  
length. This is the longest potato we  
ever saw, and now ask our Granger  
friends to beat it.

Messrs. Blain & Neal, two young  
gentlemen of Caneyville, have a job  
printing establishment at that place.  
They print cards, envelopes, bill-heads,  
circulars, &c., at very reasonable  
prices. Success to your gentlemen, in  
your new enterprise.

The mother of Rev. J. S. Coleman  
died at her residence near Beaver  
Dam, last Friday evening, at five  
o'clock. She was a lady of rare intel-  
ligence, and was a strict member of  
the Baptist church. She had reached  
the ripe old age of nearly four score  
years, when the cold hand of death  
carried her from numerous relatives  
and loving friends. Her remains  
were interred in the Beaver Dam cem-  
etery Sunday morning, with services  
by Rev. J. M. Peay.

Now is the time to buy  
your new suit, and J. Winter & Co.,  
corner 3d and Market, Louisville, is  
the place; the Custom Department is  
on the second floor, and is filled with a  
most choice selection of all the latest  
styles.

### Transfers of Real Estate.

The following transfers of real estate  
have been lodged for record since our last  
report, viz:

Alfred C. Tanner, Commissioner  
McLean Circuit Court, to Miss Mary  
Fairleigh & Brother, 684 acres in Ohio  
county, 409 acres in McLean county,  
420 acres in Hancock county, 41 acres  
in Daviess county, and 2 lots in Cal-  
houn, Kentucky, being their part of  
the estate of Remus Griffith, deceased.

### Marriage Licenses.

The following is a list of the marriage  
licenses issued since our last report:

Daniel H. Brown and Miss Lucy  
Stetler.

### COLORED.

Ben. Carbon and Miss Canvass Cun-  
diff.

### Bad Conduct.

Last Saturday, as jailer Wise was  
closing the trap-door of the debtor's  
room, a woman by the name of Leach,  
who is confined there on a charge of  
keeping a bawdy house, ran and  
jumped on the door, striking Mr. Wise  
just above the eye and almost knock-  
ing him senseless. There are several  
men confined in the "dungeon," and  
she is mad because the jailer will not  
admit her to the same room. She is a  
very bad character, and ought to be  
excluded from any vicinity.

### What We think of the Crops

We went to the country Sunday,  
and were surprised to see the nice to-  
bacco that was cut and in the barns.  
We talked with several farmers, and  
it was the general opinion that corn  
and tobacco both would be much bet-  
ter than was thought for some time  
back. According to all reports, we  
believe that corn will sell for two dol-  
lars per barrel this fall and winter, and  
the money realized from the tobacco  
crop will defray the expenses of the  
farmers for the year, and thus the  
money realized from their corn will be  
profits in their pockets, and then bet-  
ter times will surely come.

### He Was Mistaken in the Staff.

One evening last week a young gent  
from the country called at the drug  
store for the purpose of purchasing  
some perfume. He said he wanted  
"Oil of Roses," and the quantity de-  
sired was a quart.

"You must be mistaken in the ar-  
ticle," said the clerk.  
"That's just what I want," said he,  
"and if you haven't got it say so."  
"We have the article," said the as-  
tonished clerk, "but not that quantity,"  
and then asked him if he knew what  
it would cost him.

"No, I don't," he said, "but have  
got a dollar to invest."

The clerk informed him that it  
would cost something near \$280, when  
he suddenly exclaimed:

"W-e-l-l I—I—must be mistaken in  
the staff; you may make me a bottle  
of hair oil flavored with cinnamon  
draps."

The clerk prepared the latter, and  
he started for home as happy as a  
gander eating a bug.

Hon. Alonzo W. Little, of Jackson,  
Mississippi, and Clerk of the Missis-  
sippi Court of Appeals, but formerly  
of Calhoun, Ky., was married in Jef-  
fersonton, a few days ago, to Miss  
Ida May McDaniels.

As the school discussion has become  
monotonous to quite a number of our  
readers, we have decided not to insert  
any more of like nature. We hope  
our correspondents will not think hard  
of us for it, but it is our aim to please  
the mass of our readers. We have  
now about a dozen communications of  
this kind on hand, and as we cannot  
devote the entire paper to this subject,  
would deem it partiality to publish  
one without the others. We will be  
glad to hear from you, gentlemen, on  
other subjects.

Our clever young friend Phil. T.  
German, of Louisville, has been ap-  
pointed aid to the Governor, with rank  
of Colonel. We congratulate you,  
Phil.

Thanks to Hon. T. C. McCreery,  
U. S. Senator, for public docu-  
ments.

### At it Still.

Sam. Goodman, of Big Clifty, is  
still furnishing passengers on the east  
bound day train on the L. P. & S. W.  
R. R. the very best square dinner got-  
ten up according to the best culinary  
authority for only fifty cents.

A fellow got on board the west bound  
train on the L. P. & S. W. R. R. yester-  
day with a ticket to Vine Grove.  
When the train stopped at Vine Grove,  
he failed to get off, and was riding  
along very cheap, but conductor Fonda  
spoiled his little game by spotting him  
out, and putting him off at the next  
station. A fellow will have to be  
sharp when he fools Fonda out of a  
ride.

W. H. Williams is receiving and  
opening the largest stock of dry goods,  
boots, shoes, hats, caps, clothing, and  
all kinds of notions ever brought to  
this place. Persons desiring any of  
the above named articles should give  
him a call, all his goods are war-  
ranted as represented. A complete  
line of groceries in connection with the  
above named goods.

The Court of Claims of Ohio Coun-  
ty, will meet next Monday. Of  
course a large lot of claims will be  
presented, but we hope our Magistrates  
will guard the interest of the county  
well, and cut out and refuse all the  
spurious claims, and cut down those  
that are too high and allow none but  
meritorious and just claims. By a  
close management of our finances, and  
a cutting down of the proper expendi-  
tures to a low notch, and rejecting all  
bogus and inflated claims, the county  
could soon be brought out of debt.

Don't fail to stop at Millwood, as  
you come down on the Paducah railroad  
and get your dinner of H. K. Wells.  
It would give a sick man an appetite  
to go into his dining-room. Every  
thing is in perfect order, and every  
edible and luxury the country affords  
is found upon his tables, served up in  
the very best style. Mrs. Wells is  
one of the most agreeable and pleasant  
landladies we ever met, and the great  
success of this house is in a great  
measure attributable to her management.  
Don't eat a cold meal and give your-  
self the chills, or starve and have the  
headache, but stop there and get a  
dinner equal to Galt House fare, for it  
only costs half price, (fifty cents).

"Hello Barrett! where did you get  
that splendid suit of clothes, oh, how  
nice they fit; what magnificent goods,  
&c., &c.," were the greetings we had  
on all sides yesterday, when we reached  
home from a short trip to the Metropo-  
lis of our State, where we had been to  
take in the races, Exposition, &c.  
Well, we will answer you all at once,  
through the columns of the HERALD.  
We got them from Julius Winter &  
Co., corner 3d and Market streets,  
Louisville. This is one of the largest  
and best clothing houses in the West.  
They always keep on hand a large as-  
sortment of gents furnishing goods,  
and their prices, cutting, and fitting  
are not beaten by any firm anywhere.  
They are honest, fair dealing men.  
This is not a paid advertisement, but  
an effort to bestow praise where it is  
justly due. We can conscientiously  
recommend our friends to trade there.

### OUR CANEYVILLE LETTER.

CANEYVILLE, Ky., Sept. 27.  
CHILLS AND FEVER.

EDITOR HERALD:—Since our last  
letter, sickness has been putting its  
appearance in our households, but we are  
happy to note that it is not of a more  
serious nature than chills and fever,  
which visit us every fall.

### RELIGIOUS.

The protracted meeting of which we  
spoke of as commencing at the writing  
of our last letter still continues, but we

are sorry to say that as yet no good  
has been accomplished, and we know  
not why, for Messrs. Davidson and  
Boyd are both good preachers, and  
speak eloquently to a crowded house  
twice every day.

HE'S GOING A VISITING.  
J. R. Bond, our worthy express  
agent, tells us he will start in a few  
days on a journey to pay the principal  
eastern cities a visit, he has announced  
his intention to visit New York, Phila-  
delphia, and others. He has our very  
best wishes for success and pleasure in  
his visit.

"THE DOCK BROWN STORY."  
Before many months shall roll by,  
Grayson county can boast of an author  
of a book of interest to every citizen of  
the county. The Grayson County  
*Herald* says: Will R. Haynes, author  
of the celebrated "Dock Brown story,"  
has perfected arrangements for the pub-  
lication of the same in book form. "The  
idea of a romance of the nature of the  
"Dock Brown story," founded on facts  
actually occurring in our midst, and  
that we have a young man able to ex-  
pose all the hidden mysteries of the  
same, and hand them to us in the form  
of a nice book, is enough to buoy up  
the hearts of our citizens.

ILLNESS OF THE MISSSES TILFORD.  
Misses Jennie and Julia Tilford two  
beautiful and charming young ladies of  
this place are very ill at the residence  
of their father. Our prayers are for  
their speedy recovery.

HER NAME WAS "DOLLY."  
We infer from the letter of "Thomal"  
in the Grayson County *Herald* that he  
once had an aunt and her name was  
"Dolly."

STOCK SHIPMENT.  
Blain & Bond, our local stock buy-  
ers, continue to ship cattle, sheep, and  
hogs to Louisville. They are both  
young men of business capacity.

AT HOME AGAIN.  
J. N. Eskridge, of the firm of  
Porter & Eskridge, of this place, re-  
turned home from Louisville a few  
nights ago, where he had been for sev-  
eral days on business connected with  
the firm.

HE DRINKED TO MEET HER.  
Miss Jennie Weller, of the Falls of  
Rough, returned home from her visit to  
Lebanon, last week. She looks as gay  
as ever, but remained with us only  
three hours, just long enough for Jap  
to get on his clean clothes and put on  
his best looks.

We were glad to welcome home our  
young friend Henry C. Daniel, Fri-  
day, who went to Louisville a few days  
ago to visit the Exposition, but was  
taken sick while there, and derived  
but little pleasure from his visit.

NOW THEY'LL HAVE MUSIC.  
Mrs. Will. T. Gary received her  
piano from Livermore, her former  
home, yesterday, and now gladdens the  
hearts of her many auditors with her  
excellent music.

JACK FROST VISITS THEM.  
Frost fell here last Sunday night,  
but we are happy to say no damage  
was sustained by our farmers.

PERSONAL.  
W. H. Barnes of Beaver Dam,  
was in town yesterday, a guest of Dr.  
R. W. Brandon. But to the dissatisfaction  
of the girls and the unspeakable  
pleasure of the boys returned home last  
night.

ANOTHER HORSE RACE.  
We were informed yesterday that  
the race at Big Springs, Ky., between  
the Fitzhugh mare and a Hardin coun-  
ty horse was won by forty feet by the  
former; purse being \$8000.

ROMEO PINKSTAFF.

### HARTFORD RETAIL MARKETS.

Corrected Weekly by Wm. H. Williams.

Corrected Weekly by Wm. H. Williams	
HARTFORD, Ky., Sept. 29, 1875.	
Apples, dried, 1/2 bush.....	1 50@ 1 75
Apples, green, 1/2 bush.....	50@ 75
Bacon, (sides) 1/2 lb.....	15@ 16
Beans, 1/2 bush.....	1 25@ 1 50
Brooms, 1/2 doz.....	3 50
Butter, 1/2 lb.....	15@ 20
Candies, 1/2 lb.....	25@ 40
Candles, 1/2 lb.....	25@ 28
Coffee, 1/2 lb.....	25@ 28
Cheese, 1/2 lb.....	25@ 28
Crackers, 1/2 lb.....	15@ 25
Coal oil, 1/2 gallon.....	30@ 35
Chickens, 1/2 doz.....	1 50@ 1 75
Corn, 1/2 barrel.....	3 00
Cook-skims.....	nominal
Eggs, 1/2 doz.....	8@ 10
Flour, 1/2 barrel.....	6 00@ 7 00
Hominy, 1/2 lb.....	4@ 4 1/2
Hay, 1/2 100 lb.....	75@ 80
Hides, green, salted, 1/2 lb.....	5@ 6
Hides, dried flat, 1/2 lb.....	10@ 12 1/2
Lard, 1/2 lb.....	18@ 20
Lard oil 1/2 gallon.....	1 25@ 1 50
Lime, 1/2 barrel.....	75@ 1 00
Meal, unbolthead, 1/2 bush.....	75@ 1 00
Molasses, 1/2 gallon.....	75@ 1 00
Mackerel, 1/2 kit.....	1 50@ 2 00
Mackerel, 1/2 barrel.....	8 50@ 10 00
Nails, 1/2 keg, 100 lb.....	4 25@ 5 50
Oysters, 1/2 can.....	12@ 20
Onions, 1/2 can.....	3 00
Potatoes, Irish, 1/2 bush.....	40@ 50
Peaches, dried, 1/2 bushel.	1 50@ 1 75
Rice, 1/2 lb.....	12@
Salt, 1/2 barrel.....	2 50
Sugar, 1/2 lb.....	10@
Sugar, C, 1/2 lb.....	12@ 14
Sugar, crushed pow'd, 1/2 lb.	5@ 6
Soap, 1/2 1/2.....	10
Starch, 1/2 lb.....	10
Soda, 1/2 lb.....	6
Tallow, 1/2 lb.....	50@
Tar, 1/2 barrel.....	1 50@ 2
Tea, 1/2 lb.....	75@
Tobacco, manilla, 1/2 lb.....	1 50@ 2



# THE HERALD.



## AGRICULTURAL.

### Damaged Wheat for Seed.

Nothing but absolute necessity would lead me to sow damaged wheat. I would as soon think of raising colts from heavy, ring-boned, spavined, used-up parents. Must seed will not grow if the must has come from heating in a mow or bin. Seed corn is perhaps more likely to be injured than seed-wheat. I once lost a planting of corn by using seed that had been for a short time in a bin. It was in good, merchantable condition for grinding, and we had no thought that it had heated at all, but it did not grow. On one occasion we had a pile of wheat heat a very little on the barn floor, which we had intended for seed. Before sowing tests were made by placing soil in a pan, and planting in it a known number of kernels to test the question of vitality. A very large percentage failed to germinate under these very favorable circumstances. Many years ago we had a harvest so wet (rain fell eleven successive days, when the wheat was in just condition to sprout) that there was no sound wheat to be had, and we were forced to sow seed that was "grow." Many farmers made tests on this sprouted wheat, and it was found that it had sufficient vitality to grow, and of necessity it was used for seed, and did so well that many persons thought that the sprouting in the field did it no injury. In this they were probably mistaken, but it was a point that could not be determined with absolute certainty either way. Thus we have proved, as we think, that mere sprouting of the kernel is not fatal to the seed, but heating to a considerable extent, either in the mow or in piles of threshed grain, is ruinous. I strongly advise my brethren of the plow-hans, never to sow inferior seed of any kind, grain if they can avoid so doing, but to select the very best they can without much regard to cost. Seed of wheat should be graded—that is, the small kernels should be in some way separated from the large and perfect ones, and only the best sown. This may be done by raising up the front end of the fanning mill, thus slanting the sieves in the direction of the blast of wind, and feeding the mill slowly, turning fast and blowing hard, driving half or more of the grain over the sieves, and thus allowing only the plump, heavy kernels to come forward of the mill for seed. There are mills made expressly to clean wheat, and to grade it; and several neighbors joining in the ownership of such a mill will bring its considerable cost to a reasonable sum for each. One such mill will do the work for many farmers; but even an ordinary mill can be made quite effective by using it as I have suggested. —N. Y. Tribune.

### Use of Fall Sown Rye.

If it were generally known that rye is one of the most valuable crops which can be produced in any country, it would find at least a limited place upon nearly every farm in the country. When we say crop, we mean to take every part of it, from the tiny roots to the straw that goes into the thatch upon the roof. It must be planted when there is but little other work to do, and at a time when, in the preparation of the ground, all growing weeds are destroyed before their seeds mature. The rapid and vigorous growth of the rye does not leave a place to be occupied by the little weeds, which are ready at all times to spring up and choke out most other crops. When sown early in September, and followed with enough rain to give it a start, rye will produce a large amount of fall pasture for stock. Cows love it and double the profits of the dairy when transferred from the bare pastures of autumn to feast upon its rich verdure. Young stock grow rapidly upon it, and get into such condition as to be able to go through the winter in a much better shape than those with sides less extended with fullness of flesh to carry them through the pinching times of dry food. If managed in this way and turned under as a green crop for corn in the spring, rye is a wonderful fertilizer. Its fine, fibrous roots permeate the ground in every direction, and draw down, through the blades, fertilizing qualities from the atmosphere, combining such qualities in the soil as to bring immediate results in large crops. It protects and thoroughly disintegrates the soil, and if plowed up and put to corn late in May, it will afford considerable pasturage early in spring, when it is most needed. If desired to produce a crop, the fall pasture, if not too severe, does not ordi-

narily hurt it. The straw, long and straight, is excellent for thatching roofs, or if cut before too ripe makes good feed for stock. For hogs, the grain, if ground and fed in small quantities to supplement corn, is excellent. For a sure crop, without much labor, nothing surpasses it. When it fails this is known in time to substitute another in its place, with the probability that enough more will be secured from the second planting, from the better condition of the ground, than to pay for all the labor incurred. —Western Rural.

### Good Words for the Grange.

Nothing is more true than that agriculture is the nursing mother of all the arts, and nothing is more untrue than the equally trite saying, "agriculture is the most independent of all the industrial callings." But this last is only untrue because the farmers, oblivious of their own best interests, have suffered themselves to become, through the omnipotent powers of combination, the slaves of political demagogues, and the victims of capitalists, corporations, middle-men, and traders—mere vermin upon the lion's mane of agriculture—all and each of which, collectively and individually, are indebted to the cultivator of the soil for the food which nourishes and the raiment which clothes their bodies. How common it is for farmers to neglect their business to enlist body and soul in ignoble party and local politics? How many plows are left to rust in the furrow, while the team is worn out in galloping through the country in the interest of some petty local, non-producing demagogue? How much money and time is wasted on local and scurrilous political sheets, to the neglect of the agricultural press? Happily, if we are not greatly mistaken, there is to be an end of all this. A cloud has arisen in the far North-west, which a few months since, was no larger than a man's hand. The politicians, the plundering rings and corporations, were too intent upon corrupting the legislation of the country to note the ominous growth of this little cloud; but it has been steadily growing ever since, until now it casts a shade over the whole Western horizon, portentous of the fate of all political demagogues and corruptionists, of whatever hue. That cloud is the farmers' Grange, whose roof-tree reaches from Wisconsin in the Northwest to Georgia in the South. The farmers, after ages of submission, intend in turn to yield, in their own interests, the powers of combination, and to become, what of right they ought to be, the real rulers of the land. The handwriting is on the wall—the days of monopoly are numbered. —Turf, Field, and Farm.

### Care of Cows in Autumn.

An enterprising farmer of Western New York communicated to us recently his practice in the management of his cows during the season when the grass begins to fail. He says the great secret of rearing and feeding stock successfully is to keep what you get—to save every pound of flesh and fat that is produced. The question lying still back of this is how shall the fat and flesh be retained? What to do and how to do it is the question. Hitherto I have always commenced feeding my cows meal in October, and continued the regular extra feed through November; and we made more butter in one of those autumn months than in any other month of the grazing season. I have a cup with flaring sides that holds, when dipped in and heaped up full, about two quarts of good Indian corn and oats, of equal parts, made of the pure grain. I never "cob" my animals. I am down on the cob system of management. With every fifteen bushels of corn and oats I mingle, before it is ground, about one bushel of flaxseed. This improves the quality of the feed for animals of any kind, as ground flaxseed, when mingled with grain, is far better for milch cows, for horses, for fattening young sheep, or for young stock of any kind, than all meal. I sow a little flaxseed every year for the express purpose of having the seed to mingle with the grain that is ground into meal for my cows and other stock. I think this is the true way to make money—to save all that is made without losing any portion. The little losses abstract the profits. —New York Herald.

### Value of Covered Manure.

At various times we have pointed out to our readers the profits resulting from covering manure, instead of allowing it to get soaked by the rain or dried by the sun, as is generally done. We have given this advice from what we have actually seen. When rough sheds have been built to cover the manure-heaps the crops fertilized by this pile have been increased in productiveness sufficient to pay for the shed-covering the first year. We have never seen any exact figures of the proportionate value of covered manures, that we remember until the following

which we find by Lord Kincaid, a Scotch land-owner and farmer. They present the best statement possible, we think, of the advantage of the plan: Four acres of good soil was measured two of them were manured with ordinary barnyard manure and two with an equal quantity of manure from the covered shed. The whole was planted with potatoes. The products of each acre were as follows: Potatoes treated with barnyard manure: One acre produced 272 bushels. One acre produced 292 bushels. Potatoes manured from the covered shed: One acre produced 442 bushels. One acre produced 471 bushels. The next year the land was sown with wheat, when the crop was as follows: Wheat on land treated with barnyard manure: One acre produced 41 bushels, 18 pounds, (of 61 pounds per bushel.) One acre produced 42 bushels, 38 pounds, (of 61 pounds per bushel.) Wheat on land manured from covered sheds: One acre produced 55 bushels, 5 pounds, (of 61 pounds per bushel.) One acre produced 58 bushels, 47 pounds, (of 61 pounds per bushel.) The straw also yielded one-third more upon the land fertilized with the manure from covered stalls than upon that to which the ordinary manure was applied. —Rural New Yorker.

### Choosing a Berkshire.

Pure Berkshire hogs should be jet black in color, with a thick coat of fine black hair, but choose one with coarse hair rather than one that is short of hair. While it is only allowable on the tips of ears, feet and legs, face and tail, but not too much white, as they are always a black breed and plenty of hair denotes a good constitution. There is no such thing as a white or spotted Berkshire hog, and the men who get up such stories to sell mongrel stock are swindlers and ought to be sent to prison. Choose a Berkshire with short prick ears, and as short a face as possible, with a broad back, carrying its width back well over the hams (it is much easier to find the broad over the shoulders than the hams), and by all means they should be deep in the heart place (from top of back just behind the shoulder level) and smooth all over, in fact as near a hewn block as can be. In comparing the merits of breeding the various kinds of fine stock, we invite the attention of the reader to the following facts: Many men who would willingly give \$1,000 for a fine cow or a pair of sheep (and very properly too) cannot see why a hog should be worth from \$100 to \$500, which would be the cost of importing a fine one. From a mare costing \$1,000 you have a chance of a foal in a year, but often more in two years, and after two or three years' attention and feed, if no accident occurs, you may, if fortunate, get from \$500 to \$1,000 for the colt. The cow and sheep will produce their stock a little faster, while a sow old enough to breed will, in one year's time, with proper care and at half the expense, produce from twelve to twenty pigs, and you need not trust to selling breeding stock, for, provided you have a respectable farm, the first cost will be repaid you many times over in the saving of food, extra price for fine pork, etc., besides the pleasure you would take in improving the stock of the country, at the same time you are adding to your own wealth. The loss occasioned in the United States annually through feeding common hogs amounts to millions of dollars that might feed thousands of people and otherwise enrich the community. —American Science and Poultry Journal.

### Why Small Farmers are Prosperous.

We have often had occasion to call attention to the fact that those we are accustomed to call "small farmers" are generally the most prosperous farmers in the South. They are not so because small farms and very limited operations are, in themselves, best, but because these farmers are working in harmony with their circumstances. They have accepted the situation, and put their own hands to the plow. Having small capital, and often very limited knowledge and skill, they go safely, as they see the way clear before them. The large planter, on the contrary often without any capital at all of his own, attempts on borrowing money (at fearfully high rates of interest) to conduct large operations, without closely counting the cost or risks, and fails, as any sound-minded man not infatuated with cotton would see that he must. This does not prove that small farms and small farming are necessarily most profitable, but that our operations, both as to method and to extent, must correspond with our capital and other circumstances. —Rural Carolinian.

### A Cure for Blind Staggers.

Mr. Jno. B. McElroy, living near Sunny Side, Ark., sends us the following cure for Blind Staggers, which he says never fails to succeed: "Take one ounce of sulphur and dissolve it with a tablespoonful of whisky, and enough hot or cold water to take it up quickly. Then add a half pint of water and drench the horse, using a long-necked bottle and being sure to get it all down the horse. Then mix any kind of pepper with vinegar, so that the mixture is very strong, and with a common small syringe throw a charge up each nostril, as high as possible. The horse will go to his stable in twelve hours after taking the quinine and neigh for his food. It may not be amiss to keep up the vinegar and pepper for a day or two, to fully open the nostrils. I have cured two horses in this way during the last week alone. I am anxious that this cure should be well-spread, as it will be of great advantage to all lovers of horses."

### Go to Farming.

A good living is what comparative few men succeed in making in village or city life, and yet nothing is more easy of accomplishment on the farm. Besides, there is a pleasure in cultivating and embellishing the earth, improving and increasing its products, and thus adding to the aggregate of human happiness. Why, then, should young men hesitate to be farmers? It is both profitable and honorable. It is the natural approximation to independence that man, as a member of society, can make. A gentleman farmer—and all farmers are, or should be, gentlemen—belongs to an order of nobility that is not indebted to placeholders for its installation, and may, if he chooses, be ranked among the greatest benefactors of the human race. Let all idle young men go to work on farms, and quit seeking, third and fourth rate clerkships. In short go to farming and quit begging. —Exchange.

### Sweet Oil as a Remedy for Poison.

A plain farmer writes: "It is now over twenty years since I heard that sweet oil would cure the bite of a rattlesnake, not knowing that it would cure any other kind of poison. Practice and experience have taught me that it will cure poisons of any kind, both on man or beast. The patient must take a spoonful of it internally and bathe the wound for a cure. To cure a horse it takes eight times as much as for a man. One of the most extreme cases of snake bites occurred eleven years ago. It had been thirty days standing, and the patient had been given up by physicians. I gave him a spoonful of the oil, which affected a cure. It will cure blot in cattle caused by fresh clover. It will cure the sting of bees, spiders or any other insects, and persons who have been poisoned by a low, running vine called ivy." —Ct. Age Current.

### Millet and Hungarian.

The growth of Millet and Hungarian grasses has long held an important place in farming, and where objects are simply the production of hay, these annual grasses possess a great value. But when we consider all the objects of the grasses the growth of the Millet is the merest temporizing. I question much if when perennial grasses can be grown a farmer can afford to plow and seed annually for a crop of hay alone. The whole argument is briefly summed up thus: Millet requires an annual plowing and seeding; it returns nothing to the soil, but rather the reverse; it notoriously exhausts the land; it is not a pasture grass. For all these reasons Millet and Hungarian can never take the place of clovers and perennial grasses. —Industrialist.

### Greasing Wagons.

But few people are aware that they do wagons and carriages more injury by greasing too plentifully than in any other way. A well made wheel endures common wear from ten to twelve years, if care is taken to use the right kind and proper amount of grease but, if this matter is not attended to, they will be used up in five or six years. Lard should never be used on a wagon, for it will penetrate the hub and work its way out around the tenons of the spokes, and spoil the wheel. Tallow is the best lubricator for wooden axletrees, and castor oil for iron. Just grease enough should be applied to the spindle of the wagon to give it a light coating; this is better than more, for surplus will all work out on the ends, and be forced by the shoulder bands and nut washers into the hub around the outside of the boxes. To oil an iron axle-tree, first wipe the spindle clean with a cloth with spirits of turpentine, and then apply a few drops of castor oil near the shoulder and end. One teaspoonful is sufficient for the whole. —Rural American.

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